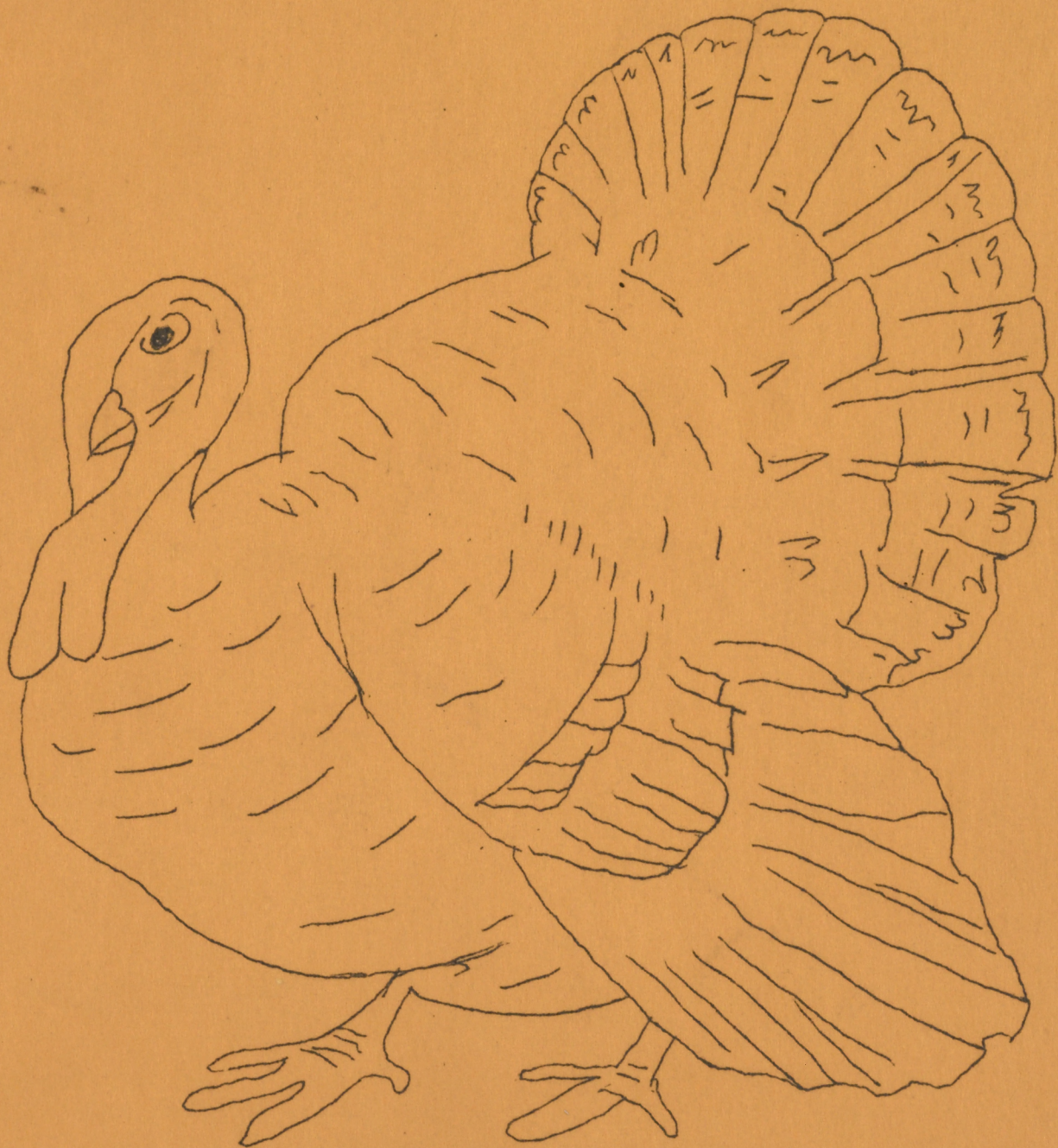


GUN TALK

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE SASKATCHEWAN GUN COLLECTORS
ASSOCIATION

SEPT. 1967



RYE FED TURKEY?

SASKATCHEWAN GUN COLLECTOR'S ASSOCIATION

Founded 1961
Incorporated 1962

A patriotic, educational and non-profit organization of Canadian citizens, dedicated to the collecting of firearms and research into their history. Membership open to any reputable person.

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GUN TALK is published quarterly by the S.G.C.A. for the benefit of its members. Dues are \$4.00 per annum, payable each January to the Treasurer.

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The views expressed in the articles appearing in this journal are not necessarily those of the Editorial Staff or of the Saskatchewan Gun Collector's Association.

EDITORIAL

DO YOU OWN A WARTIME P-38 ?

P-38's made in the closing years of the war were often assembled from parts made in several factories under varying working conditions, and from metals of dubious qualities. Forced labour was extensively used in their manufacture, and the plants were often under aerial bombardment, also sabotage sometimes occurred (at the risk of death to the person if caught). These circumstances combine to result in a comparatively high percentage of inferior German Arms.

Late model P-38's should be inspected by a competent gunsmith before being given extensive use. Two points that should be checked are:

a) The locking block which locks the barrel and slide together at the instant of firing. Since the slide is mounted on the receiver from the front, it is all but impossible for the slide to be blown off and the shooter injured in case the lock does not hold; but in such a case the pistol will be damaged. The two recoil springs in the P-38's are not heavy enough by themselves to keep the pistol closed during high breech pressure, and it is possible to assemble this arm without inserting the locking block. If the pistol is fired without the lock, the slide will almost invariably jam back and may injure the travel guides. If the locking block itself does not hold, the trouble may be an improperly fitted piece, or may indicate inferior metal in the particular pistol parts involved.

b) The thumb safety should be checked. There, as in some P-38's pushing the thumb safety draws the firing pin inside and locks it so the falling hammer cannot strike its head, it is an excellent safety system.

But, in most models of the P-38, the automatic decocking arm raised the sear and disconnects the secondary automatic safety. The hammer then falls on the head of the firing pin itself. This is normally safe, since the cutaway safety stem locks the firing pin behind the head before dropping the hammer. However, this stem has been known to crystallize and break off inside the slide, permitting the hammer to drive the firing pin forward to accidentally fire the cartridge in the chamber.

So, have a gunsmith examine the firing pin and thumb safety in your P-38 for evidence of wear, inferior workmanship or sabotage. The life you save may be your own.

So lets look down the barrel from the other end. We've heard lots against the registration of longarms- from outraged collectors, shooters, owners and sportsmen. We have seen letters, petitions etc.

The question is, would it be so bad? I can see a few good points in registering longarms, if that is as far as it goes.

The Shell Lake massacre verifies that the common .22 in the hands of a nut is a deadly weapon. If firearms had been registered, it would have assisted the enquiries by simply checking out those firearms that were registered. That would cut down the possibilities a considerable amount. If the weapon had been stolen- there are always suspects- it could have pointed to the guilty party and eased the investigation.

Who has not heard of a handgun being returned to its last registered owner after a long period of being missing, only through being registered. The rifle that you treasure so much could just as easily go the same way.

Sure it is inconvenient to get each weapon registered, but think again. It might be worth the trouble.

MEMBERS WRITE

Dear Mr. Editor;

I would like to reply to an open letter in the March edition of the Gun Talk, and would ask that it be published as such.

We are in agreement that an anonymous letter does not warrant the courtesy of a reply, but if the editor has made an exception to publish such a letter, we will also make an exception to answer.

The message in the letter is rather confusing to me because the writer has not convinced me that he is a true collector. If he had not hidden his identity the rest of the collectors in the S.G.C.A. would be better able to judge on what authority he made his claims, and we would have a frank, open discussion on the various aspects of collecting firearms and shooting them.

Some of his remarks, and I will quickly quote, "selling a genuine piece at a tidy profit", and "afford the luxury of true collecting" lead me to believe that he is entirely the opposite of a true collector. Here I am entirely lost for words to express my repulsion at his idea of collecting firearms. In fact I think that he is in the wrong hobby and should be rubbing elbows with the long hairs at the local art gallery and not bother the collector with a little gun oil on his hands.

Each paragraph of his letter is so far from my idea of gun collecting as a hobby, I wonder how we ever managed to join the same club. I find myself being slightly ashamed that a person with his attitude should be allowed to share the fellowship that a club such as the S.G.C.A. has to offer.

If a man has the resources of a million dollars and collects engraved, inscribed, cased Patterson colts, can he be classed at any higher level than the sincere man who collects suicide specials? No, certainly not. Each man is a collector in his own right. If the man who collects the suicide specials, knows his guns and assembles them to the best of his ability, then he may be a better collector than the man that collects only with money and shows off his possessions as a status symbol. This my friend is the essence of a true collector, it doesn't matter whether he collects cooey rifles or Manton shotguns, if his attitude to his collecting is right then gun collecting is a leveller of any society.

You have expressed your opinion of distaste of people who "acquire guns for shooting rather than an investment or for display purposes". Consider once again please, the purpose of those items that you speak of - or are you one of the rare supporters of Bill C 214 in the Canadian House Of Parliament, or in the rarer yet, supporter of Senator Dodds of Connecticut.

I have had two cups of coffee and many cigarettes during the writing of this letter in an attempt to remain calm and objective in expressing my views on an anonymous open letter. I feel an inadequate rebuttle has been made, but am sure of one thing, that mine will not be the only reply you receive. Your letter has been stimulating to say the least, the editor will have no trouble in presenting a very full journal in next issue of Gun Talk, and I would very much like to continue this discussion further- but- face to face with the writer, perhaps at his display during the next gun show.

Les Smith

Upon realizing I have become so involved in the discussion of gun collecting in general, I would like to add a post script in defence of the black powder clan or the muzzle loading shooters. In the event that the writer of the anonymous letter and myself are not acquainted, we shall have to fill in with a little background.

The initial meeting of the S.G.C.A. was held in Saskatoon, and members of this community have continued to support the association ever since. Some new innovations have originated in Saskatoon, one of them being the formation of the Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club. Let me make it very clear here that it was formed by members of the Saskatoon S.G.C.A. not as a splinter group, but as an extension of the existing club with a very dedicated purpose.

If you call yourself a true collector, I would like to know where your interest starts and stops. Does it stop when you acquire a new item and hang it on the gun rack for all to admire, or do you try to find out as much about that gun as you ~~can~~. Do you read a book on how that gun was made and where it was made, where it was used, and how it was used. Have you ever wondered about the stopping power or accuracy of a 73 winchester or a smooth bore musket. Surely a person who calls himself a true collector, lets his imagination work a little on how any gun would perform during the period it was used. This then was the purpose of forming the Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club.

I would continue to say that almost as much effort went into the preparation and incorporation of this club as there was in the formation of the S.G.C.A.. This was also a pioneering effort because there were no other muzzle loading clubs in the immediate vicinity to follow their pattern. As far as specifications for a range were concerned we got the best buck-passing treatment you could imagine, but enough to say our club was finally formed and the range legally approved by the Attorney Generals Department. All this- just to see what the old guns would do. Yes, we fired the originals, but please dont accuse us of neglect in our appreciation of these originals. We have learned more about our old guns by firing them than can be had from just books. I have personally found out that one of my Civil War carbines could still put three slugs in the size of a mans breast pocket at 100 yards. I have seen a smooth bore musket drill a $\frac{3}{4}$ in. hole in a plank as cleanly as a brace and bit and end up under 7 inches of pure sand at 50 yds.

You may still say this has nothing to do with gin collecting and are entitled to your opinion as much as I am, but I would be inclined to compliment a person on doing some individual,

honest, research on old firearms rather than call him a gun nut.

The reference to replica firearms was the only point on which we are close to agreement. They do serve a purpose for the shooter and if they are displayed at a gun show. I'm sure it is for that reason only and not to confuse the public that it is an old gun in good condition. The general public are more impressed by seeing a nice shiny gun in a cardboard box than they would be by a cased dueling pistol anyway. The true aged brown of an antique rifle would never be appreciated over a slick blued job by the uninformed, even if they were the same model of gun, but one of them had never been refinished.

You see Sir, there are many different aspects to gun collecting and to shooting as there are guns to collect. You cannot bar a collector from joining the S.G.C.A. just because his collecting interests are different than yours. If your aims of gun collecting are to make money from the hobby, as the whole text of your letter seems to support, then you need the new members to unload your pieces on, and make a tidy profit, or you will soon run out of genuine collectors who are quicker to spot a person with your mercenary attitude toward a fine old collectors item.

L.S.

(Sorry, this didn't get in the last edition)

Dear Sir;

I would first like to thank all out of town exhibitors and members who participated in the last S.G.C.A. gun show here in Saskatoon. The show was a tremendous success, as those of you who attended will agree.

Directed to the so called Mr. True Collector-----I am not one to make a practice of replying to an anonymous letter, as I do not have much respect for a man who makes damaging comments, and then hides behind a fictitious name, but I cannot let some of your remarks go unchallenged. First, take one of the few things I did get out of your letter, was the impression that you must be a person that is pretty well healed, as you used the word money investment 11 times.

I might also add that I was one of the persons who was angered when replica type firearms were first brought on the market, but at the time they were first brought out, antique guns were available at a normal price, and it was not too hard for the ordinary Joe to start building a collection, if he was keen and could travel around the country.

This has now changed. The public is now aware that granddaddy's old rifle is worth money, and I think you will agree money these days is harder to come by as well as the guns.

In Saskatoon it was noticed that the majority of the collectors were starting to loose their keenness for the collecting-trips into the country were dwindling, and people were just not chasing down the leads. It was decided by a few, that we should form a black powdre shooting club (The Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club) to offset the loosening interest in the collecting. We now have a growing club with approximately 20 members with the aspects of doubling this number this year.

I am also inclined to think you have never been involved in the setting up of a gun show, as you would realize, these shows need all the help one can get, to be ran as a successful endeavor.

Possibly you might say the S.M.L.C. was bound to have an interest in the show as they were making money of the gun that was being raffled. This may be so, but in the minutes of the S.M.L.C., the club will cover any debts that the Saskatoon branch S.G.C.A. gun show might incur, and believe me our expenses are high in putting of a show and it only takes bad weather to ruin a good show. In 1966, the Saskatoon gun show ran into the red. This was covered by the S.M.L.C.. Also a \$40.00 trophy was donated to the S.G.C.A. by the S.M.L.C. in 1966, to be given to the display chosen by the public in the form of a ballot. In closing I would like to comment on what I foresee in the future. I am convinced this black powder shooting is the sport which is going to grow beyond expectations. It has caught on in the U.S.A. on a huge scale and it is catching on here in Saskatoon and the rest of the province.

I would like to go out on a limb, and say in the not too distant future Saskatoon will be putting on shooting matches on par with the United States. I also foresee more pavement being burnt up here in Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta, with people attending different shooting matches etc.

I would like to invite you, Mr. True Collector, to come and witness the enjoyment these black powder buffs are getting out of life; from a sport that costs so little money wise.

The S.M.L.C. will be holding the 2nd Provincial Black Powder Championship this year in Sept. I urge you Sir, to attend and participate. I might even let you shoot one of my replica type firearms, or one of my originals with no hard feelings.

(Sorry, this was late)

Sincerely,
ERNIE LOVE member S.G.C.A.
Past Area Director
Pres; S.M.L.C.

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Strange, how after each gun show or shoot, rumors tend to float around about "They had Billy's name on that trophy before the show"; or " Those rules were set to favor the Yanks" or your choice of a half dozen other favorites.

I am sure most of us have heard one or more about our own and other shows and shoots. All I can suggest in a way to combat these rumors, is that anyone questioning the decision of the judges should himself become a judge, and see what a problem it can be. What is a prize to one, can be so-so to another, and to the knowledgeable, a junker can be a prize.

Judges aren't always perfect, and this might give a tendency for thier decisions to appear slanted, but I am sure from thier viewpoint they feel the awards are going where they deserve.

The judging system is slowly being improved, and suggestions in this regard are always being welcomed by any gun committee.

It's high time everyone from each and every collectors and shooters group put thier shoulders to the wheel and pulled in one direction.

A good number of the S.M.L.C. members are people who are interested in gun collecting, but have had trouble in obtaining antiques, which you will agree, that a new collector, trying to build a collection today, would have a hard and expensive job ahead of him, unless one was financially well off.

This leaves a new collector with a number of choices, either obtaining one or two pieces a year, in which he would soon lose interest, or possibly he could start collecting stamps or coins, or what have you, or the other alternative, the possibility of joining a black powder club. Once again he has a choice, the obtaining of an original type shooter, which I am sure he would like to have, or the other, the purchasing of a replica type firearm (have you ever tried to purchase a good original cap and ball rifle etc. at a gun show) they are just not available.

This leaves only one alternative then, the purchase of a replica type firearm, or the obtaining of a kit and building a muzzle loading firearm. As I said, I was one who was against the replica type arms years ago, I no longer hold this attitude. I now am the owner of a few of these type firearms. I cannot express the enjoyment I get out of owning and shooting these firearms, as much enjoyment as I get out of the 40 to 50 original type firearms I have hanging on my wall. I also have the satisfaction of knowing that the replica is not going to fly apart in my face.

We now come to the part of your letter that is responsible for making me reply to your letter.

You mention the using of this publication to advertise their so called competitions. I will not go into this too deeply, as it is obvious that you do not know what you are talking about. Our last Provincial shoot was a tremendous success above and beyond expectations. We had over 150 non shooter spectators and we did not advertise to the public at all, only the known gun collectors and shooters. This indicates the growing interest. These spectators were friends of shooters and heard of the shoot.

You also mentioned in your letters the term "characters infiltrating our association to obtain a permit". I take it from this you mean a form #42 for carrying firearms- Well the majority of the form 42's in Saskatoon are made out in the name of the S.M.L.C.. I might also add, the S.M.L.C. would not accept a membership if it was obvious that the prospective member was using the club just to obtain a form #42. All new members are first screened by the club executive before his application is accepted.

One more thing, I would like it to be known about these so called characters infiltrating our club, the S.G.C.A.; is that, if it was not for these people, the Saskatoon S.G.C.A. show would not have been the success it was, not only from the exhibitors point of view, but the viewing public as well.

The S.G.C.A., Saskatoon show was planned not at a S.G.C.A. meeting, but at the monthly meeting of the S.M.L.C.. Not only planned by members of S.G.C.A. but members of the S.M.L.C., who without these so called characters, the show would not have been the success it was.

COLLECTORS, SHOOTERS, AND OTHER INTERESTED PARTIES

DON'T FORGET

SUNDAY, SEPT 17th is the 1967 Provincial Muzzle Loading Championship Shoot at the Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club Range (located 10 miles west of the city on Highway #14 to Biggar, turn North at the Burro Gas Plant - then 3 miles on a grid road to the range.

It will no doubt be a real "Bang Up" affair, one you shooters can't afford to miss.

The EVENTS start at 12.00 NN, and consist of:

- 1) Flintlock pistol - 25 yds - 5 shots
- 2) Percussion pistols - 25 yds - 5 shots
- 3) Percussion revolver - 25 yds. - 6 shots
- 4) Cartridge revolver - 25 yds - 5 shots
- 5) Smooth bore - 25 yds - 5 shots - offhand (open sights)
- 6) Cartridge rifle - 50 yds - 5 shots - offhand (open sights)
- 7) Percussion rifle - 50 yds. - 5 shots - offhand - open sights
- 8) Cartridge rifle - 100 yds - 5 shots - bench rest " "
- 9) Percussion rifle - 100 yds - 5 shots - bench rest - iron sights.
- 10) Percussion shotgun - 5 clay birds

Cartridge revolvers shall be .32 Cal or larger, single action model, before 1890.

Cartridge rifle - any rifle permitted in competitions providing calibre for the rifle was originally designed for black powder-smokeless rounds permitted.

EACH EVENT LIMITED TO " RELAYS ONLY

ENTRY FEE: First target \$1.00, each additional .50¢, the maximum is \$3.00

Shooting supplies, etc. available at the range.

GUN AND CAR SHOW 3 BIG DAYS - SASKATOON - OCTOBER 7, 8, 9.

This gun and car show, sponsored by the Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club and the Saskatoon Antique Auto Club will be the first of its type in Saskatchewan. They need your support. NO CHARGE FOR DISPLAYS; Trophies for General Longarms, General Handguns, Specialized Longarms, Specialized Handguns, Edged Weapons, Cartridges, Best Military Longarm Collection, and Best Sporting Longarm Collection.

It is a show you shouldn't miss, as you will be sorry if you do.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, WRITE L. SMITH, 411 Isabella St., Saskatoon.
-on.

TAKE PART IN THIS THING - KEEP YOUR INTEREST PRIMED.

I WAS THERE

Part 2

L.22255, R.G. NUNN
Batt. Headquarters
South Saskatchewan Regt.
Canada.
P.O.W. 25608
Stalag VIII, B.

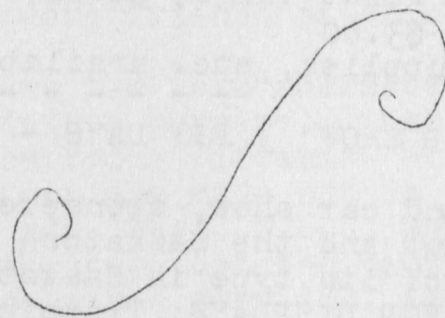
Notes.

This is a continuation of Mr. NUNN'S personal diary covering the "DIEPPE RAID", and Mr. NUNN'S treatment as a prisoner of war in 1945.

Part 1 described the trip across the channel, the raid itself, and how he was captured. Two blank pages appear in the diary at this point, in which Mr. NUNN intended to describe escape attempts. He could not describe them at the time in case of the diary being seized by the Germans.

You will find the diary ends abruptly- This was when Mr. NUNN escaped and took the book with him. He has not written out the description of this event, so we must at present leave it up to our imagination.

Left
we
forgot
c" s
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1939-

1945

until you had the food on warming, and then dashing out and kicking the whole lot over.

The mountains of Czecko Slovak could be plainly seen from the camp. I think our happiest times were at night after we had gone to bed and someone would start a song- quite often the guards stopped us. The hut doors were locked in the evening at nine, and anyone seen outside after that time was shot at. Also dogs were turned loose into compounds- they really took a great dislike to us. In spite of all these things, there was quite a number of escapes. Some were wounded, others caught in a few days, and a few we had never heard of.

(TWO BLANK PAGES IN THE DIARY)

A Sergeant M and private of the English Commando's had for weeks been picking trouble with each other, and it was decided it might be better if they had "it out". We fixed up a place for them and it took place at night after we had been locked in. They were both big men, and over six feet tall, and had lived in the same village long before the war. This I think was the worst fight I ever saw, covered in blood and weak, it lasted almost an hour. There was no verdict in the end, they had to hold each other up.

On the morning of Oct. 8th, while the Germans were counting us, we were told to go back to the huts, pack our belongings, and fall in in five minutes. We wondered what was going to happen- perhaps move to another camp? We stood there for hours before moving and then it was only to another compound. Here we saw a full company of German soldiers, armed with Brens machine and tommy guns, and fixed bayonets; also a gang of

German Staff and High Command Officers. After forming us into a square, one of these officers walked into the centre, and read to us from a paper, and in perfect English, that commencing from 12.00, 8th OCT., the German High Command had ordered that all Canadians that had taken part in the Dieppe Raid, would be bound by the wrists as a reprisal, and would remain until the British Government sent an apology. The first rumor we heard was that every tenth man would be shot- we all wondered who would be the tenth. This was only a rumor. After a lot more reading of orders which included that all Red Cross would be cut off, the German soldiers were issued ropes and with our wrists crossed, we were bound up and herded into the huts, the doors locked, and two guards placed at each end. Only about half were lucky enough to get a bunk to sleep on, the remainder had to lay on the cement floor. There were no inside sanitary arrangements, but we were allowed outside to the toilet ten at a time, accompanied by an English medical orderly. There were about three of these for each hundred men tied up. We were not allowed to have our arms free whilst making the little visit outside, consequently, the orderlies had to help us like so many babies, and if we only one wanted to go for a walk, we just had to wait until nine more were ready.

Eating was quite a problem, even what little we had, At ten o'clock that night there was no sign of the ropes being removed, so we tumbled into bed with our clothes on, it didn't matter in what position you lay, your arms throbbed and swelled up. All of us thought that this would last about forty-eight hours at the most. At about four in the morning we were awakened

by a roar from the German guards, and moved out of bed. After much shouting and noise, the ropes were removed, and we thought perhaps the British Government had sent through some kind of a message, however at seven the next morning, any hopes that we had that the tying up was finished was soon shattered, as we then paraded and were roped up again. This morning we were told that the ropes would be put on each day at seven, at eleven the would be taken off for half an hour, and then tied up again until nine at night. During the day we must not sit or lay on our beds.

On the third day the German guard that tied me seemed to enjoy pulling the ropes on my wrist as tight as possible. It hurt, but I would not give him the satisfaction of knowing it. Soon my wrists were all puffed up and the rope cutting into my flesh. I had three or four of our boys watch the guards and I slipped behind one of the beds and tried to loosen the knots on my rope with my teeth. I had just started when there was a hell of a shout. I turned around and saw a German guard watching me through the window. I had forgotten that. He ordered the inside guards to take hold of me, and I was marched quite forcibly to another building in front of a German officer. After much talking to and fro, the officer looked at my wrists that were now badly inflamed and swollen. Fortunately for me, I had not loosened the knots yet. He undid the ropes, rubbed my wrists, and then retied them much more comfortable. What he said to the guard I could not understand, but I was unpopular with that guard for a long time.

These days were very hard on everyones nerves- thirteen hours of more or less standing in one spot and looking at each other is hard for the strongest of men to take. This went on

for a week and a few of the boys were in bad shape. Then we were visited by some English doctors who insisted that we must be allowed outside for exercise; this meant that we could get to the toilet. This we tried to arrange for after dark and then untie each others hands, but I was caught with three others in there with the ropes off and hanging around our necks. We were taken to the guard room and made to stand against the wall with our toes and nose touching it, and hands chained tightly behind our back for three hours- this is not an easy punishment.

After a little more than a week, poor JACKSON had developed a very painful felon in his thumb. He was walking the floor every night, and for quite a few days could get no treatment. Finally he was admitted to hospital. I was sorry to see him go, but glad for his sake to be away from this. I then joined up with Ferris and Millar.

Hunger was one thing that was very hard on us all- cabbage water and bread was all we were receiving just then. In spite of all these handicaps, the English boys in other compounds, they were not tied up, managed to smuggle a few cigarettes and a little food through to us. They allowed the Padres to come in and hold a church service the first Sunday. We also fixed up a crude altar for communion. Just before receiving this, one of the German guards that stood by watching the service came over and untied our hands for a few moments. He took this onto himself as if he would have been caught he would certainly have got into serious trouble.

On the following Sunday, The Germans to let the Padres come in, but one big Australian Padre that we called "Honest John" managed to get in through a hole we had in the

wire. This same "Honest John" came by his name by the following story. He was quite a racketeer- always looking for something to eat or some way of obtaining it, and it is said that at the hospital where one of the prisoners was dying, that "Honest John" was leaning over him, saying a few last prayers, when a large loaf of black bread fell from inside his tunic on the dying man's head.

There was great excitement on the day that the first mail arrived for the Canadians. FERRIS or I were not lucky this time, but all the letters had more than a little interest for us, as it was the first news we had of who had got back from the raid, killed, wounded, etc.

On the following morning, MILLAR and I were taking some exercise outside, when RUTKY, one of our band boys, called me over to the wire dividing the compounds. He was not tied up, and was in the next compound to ours, and was very anxious for news of his brother, whom he thought had been killed. I was able to tell him his brother was in England wounded. Just at that moment, the German guard shouted at me to come away from the wire which I immediately did, and as I was passing him, he kicked me square in the seat with those big high German boots he was wearing- perhaps it's as well for me that my hands were tied. I walked around for two hours after that with my hair standing on end, but not with fright. Poor MILLAR felt worse than I did.

A few days later two of our boys escaped, and left their ropes hanging by the hole we had cut in the wire. This was a hard job!!! and it certainly brought on the "pains" for the Germans. We had to stand on parade for hours on end while they

counted and recounted, then the dogs were bought in. One was caught five days later, and the other has never been heard of.

Every other Saturday, our ropes were taken away for two hours in the afternoon. In my hut was nearly three hundred men, and a trough that held fifteen gallons of water was where we all tried to wash at one time. In spite of pretty tough slugging, the boys kept up thier spirits well. We invented lots of little ingenious gadgets that helped us- even managed to play cards after a fashion.

On the morning of Nov. 11, Armistice day, our ropes were not put on, and we were told to pack up as we were moving to another compound. FERRIS, MILLAR and I arranged that whoever should arrive there first should try and hold a bed for each of us. This worked out well, it was a bitter cold day and the glass was gone from all the windows. Our ropes were on again in time to abserve the two minute silence. I thought a lot just then about the glotious dead, but perhaps not like I should have done. The following weeks were hard and I dont want to experience anything in my life again like it. It was now getting bitterly cold, not any sort of fire, and a combination of hunger and cold is hard to beat. Many of the boys had chafed and infected wrists, others had chilblains which caused thier fingers to swell twice thier normal size¹ mostly caused through bad circulation and no movement of the arms. All sorts of contagious skin diseases which it was impossible to check under those conditions, and then, on top came a bad attack of dysentry. A few of the first to get this were lucky enough to be admitted to hospital. I went to the German doctor with a few others, but it did us no good. Dr'sentry, and my hands were tied though the day. But I

was only one of them. For me it lasted fourteen days. I remember one night with weather zero, trying to wash myself with ice and water, but all these days are best forgotten. I was caught laying on my bed in the day time and punished. If I lay on the concrete floor it was alright, but I must not lay on my bed during the hours we were tied.

It was shortly after this that the rest of the camp who all this time had still been recieving thier Red Cross parcels, refused to take them from the Germans until the Canadians had thiers restored again. This was a great gesture on the part of those boys. After many meetings, the best arrangment we could arrive at was that we should recieve a part of it. This certainly made things a little brighter for us. Christmas was getting close, and we managed to make a few decorations- some wonderful things were made, even with hands bound tight it's amazing what can be done. Our little ration of coal we carefully saved, and decided that day at least we should be warm. When the great day arrived, the Germans decided as a great favor by the high command to issue us with the Christmas parcels that had been sent for us by the Red Cross. The ropes were left of for two days, also the compound days unlocked that we might visit with the rest of the camp. By noon Christmas day, a good many of the boys were so sick they had to stay in. It wasn't the amount of food they ate, but just a little good food upset thier stomack. The day after Christmas we had concerts made up amongst ourselves. At night I represented my hut in another hut in a quiz contest. After it was finished I sat around visiting for awhile, and when I

got back to my own place, the doors were locked, and as I started to climb through the window, a German took a couple of shots at me. Luckily, it was very dark. Most of the boys got a laugh except me.

Slowly the winter dragged away, but so slowly. Jan. 15th was a great day for me- my first letter arrived from home. That did me more good than any medicine.

Some of the German guards were withdrawn from our barracks, due to the pressure on the Russian front- all available men were needed and this made it somewhat better for us, as we were able to loosen up our ropes, and in some cases, take them off for a few moments. This of course only applied to the guards in the camp- outside the strength was never changed.

The password we used when a guard was in the barracks, for those that had their ropes off or loosened was "Spitfire"- but they finally caught on to that, so we had to change it often.

I made a pair of socks from an old coat sleeve. I wore them inside my wooden clogs, and felt quite proud of my skill.

Our next break came when they took the ropes away and put us in chains- these were a great improvement, as between the two hand cuffs was a short length of chain which enabled us to put our hands in our pockets one at a time, and also gave us a better opportunity to do our washing. Chains were put on at seven in the morning until nine at night- it wasn't long before we had plenty of keys made that would undo them. I shall always remember the stupid look on one guard's face- once a month we were marched down for a shower, and just before undressing, the guards took the chains off. But before he had finished collecting

them he saw one chap standing ready under the shower naked and with his chains on. I am not sure if he has that one figured out yet.

In February there was great excitement among the Canadians. Rumors went around that our personnel parcels had arrived- on the 6th we received them. It isn't possible to explain what they meant to us, but some idea may be had when I say that I had had no tooth brush since August, and an old piece of rag was serving as a towel since that time. I remember so well how bitterly disappointed I was at the amount of chocolate in my parcel- even all the other nice things did not seem to compensate for that

We were not allowed to take part in any of the camp activities, and no concerts or plays with the exception of two- one was a concert put on by the Air Force, a good show, and at the end was a cleverly illuminated picture of London Bridge and Big Ben, while the orchestra softly played "When nearer home sweet home again". I don't think that there was a dry eye in the place but it would have been worth more than one's life was worth to have mentioned the fact. The other was a film made by the Germans for Canadians, only intitled "DIEPPE". I suppose one would call it a propaganda film, although there was not as much propaganda as I expected to see. It is something very different to see a picture of a fight you have been through from the opposite side. It was quite noticeable that the dead had been piled to make them look more, some of the film was hard to take- particularly a close up of a certain Canadian's "CANADA" patch. Many of the boys were able to see themselves on the screen for the first time.

The next job we "took on" was a very stiff one, and as I

am still a prisoner of war while writing this, I am compelled to leave out much of the more interesting items. For a long time we had been thinking of digging a tunnel. Early in the spring a meeting was held and it was decided to go ahead. One of the first things we were up against was if we should let all the camp know, or just keep it between a few. There were many pros and cons. We needed the help of others and that would start whispering and too much talk, and if they all knew, no-one would talk, the only danger that way was that the Germans have a little habit of slipping into the camp one of thier own men as a P.O.W. However, by vote it was decided on the latter. All the N.C.O's. in charge of the English prisoners were called in and told to tell thier men, the only stipulation being that they shou'd not know were or when it was taking place. There were many great difificulties to overcome, when you realize that we were not allowed to have a knife or a piece of iron bar in our possession. How we obtained these things doesn't matter. The place we selected was right in our barrack room, under one of the beds. We had a cement block to remove first, this of course had to be taken out and reset every time we worked. I shall not attempt to write of the many difficulties we ran into, -all day we were chained up, and could only work at night, to get rid of the dirt was perhaps one of the greatest, and shortly after was solved for us by the Germans themselves who decided to dig a large reservoir in the compound next to us as a water supply in case of fire. To divert from my story, when this reservoir had been cemented and filled with water a few of the boys had a bath in there, and I have good reason to believe the Germans took a photo of this from a peculiar

angle and later published it as a picture of a swimming pool in a prisoner of war camp. Actually, it was about twenty feet square and very deep-in a week the water stank like a sewer. However, dirt that was excavated from there was dumped quite close to our wire, and by having dozens of men watch the guards, we were able to carry out our dirt in small cardboard boxes. At first we could only dig at night, for as many boxes as we had. Later, we had a better system than this. We used bed boards from the bottom of our beds to prop up the walls of the tunnel. The Germans were used to seeing many of these missing as we used to burn them for cooking purposes. We were given "strafe"-prison guard room for three days when we had them missing, which a lot of us needed to do then. It was necessary to have it quite strong as we had to pass under a road and then the outside wire under a path that the German patrol outside used, and come up in a wood- the total length about a hundred and twenty feet. It was certainly a heart breaking job, and we had so many set backs. Only one man at at a time could work and the cement had to be replaced when he was in there. The guard often came through the huts at night so we had to rig up a dummy to put in bed for whoever was working.

The best we could do to get air to the tunnel was an old piece of rain water pipe. Fifteen minutes was about the longest that most of us could stand at one time. For quite some part of the tunnel, we had little or no light, and one of our boys that finally managed to get a light and a small fan into there deserves a lot of credit.

When we had reached the outside and was working under the feet of the german patrol was perhaps the most dangerous part,

as we had to work so quietly. At last we reached far enough in and now all we had to do was take out the last bit of dirt and roots that would bring us out at the top. For this we made a base that would lift out and replace the top few inches of soil without disturbing the growth.

I cannot say here when it was completed, and who and how many made an escape this way. A special committee took care of this. Only people that were considered important and had a fair idea of things were allowed to use it, as it can be readily seen that if any old Tom, Dick or Harry were to use it, the Germans would soon discover something was wrong.

I have to pass on to mid-summer. One morning at five we heard quite a noise in our compound, and looking out, we saw Germans everywhere. Soon they had us all outside, and we were told that a search was being made. Beside all the soldiers, there were about thirty gestapo in civilian clothes. We were sure the game was up. They searched the roofs, chimneys, banged all the floors with big hammers, while others drove iron rods into the ground outside. This search lasted from five in the morning until three o'clock and what a relief when the tunnel was not discovered. They confiscated a few articles, among these being a few pictures of "Churchill", and knives, etc.

The next phase took place on Oct. 14/43, but this time the Germans marched us out of the compound, and then they went right to the entrance of the tunnel and in a few moments they had discovered the whole thing. Soon there were dozens of high staff officers on the scene, and it was examined all ways, and then a company of soldiers with picks, shovels and axes were marched in to destroy in a few minutes what had taken weeks and weeks of

labour and scheming. The German under-officer that was in charge of our compound was placed under arrest immediately, and we never saw him again. We were not punished for this, the German commandant of the camp said he realized it was a soldiers duty to escape, and even congratulated us on a very good piece of work. S I am afraid I have to leave the tunnel subject here as for very obvious reasons, I am unable to write of the more interesting happenings. Perhaps one of the first will get past- it happened on a Saturday afternoon. It is not the guards that patrol the wire that are so much trouble, but all around the camp are sentries mounted up in small cupolows, about thirty feet high. One of these was about fifteen yards away from the tunnel. On this particular Saturday afternnon, we staged a good boxing bout in front of his cupolo and soon the sentry and the other guards were so interested that it wasn't such a hard job for one of our biys to make his escapr in broad daylight.

During the past spring and summer many changes had taken place. Inside guards had been cut down still further, they did not have sufficient to make us keep our chains on all the time, in fact the guards used to ask us if we would wear them when an officer or N.C.O. was around. Many punishments were handed out for failing to do this. The usual one of standing against the wall, but we used to change places with each other after asking to go to the toilet. Sometimes the guards would notice this, and then they would shout and rave, but it did no good.

Then permission was given to have our compound gate unlocked that we might visit with the English boys. But we must have our chains on. We did, until we got with the other biys, and then carried them in our pockets.

The Germans did not trust the Canadians, although they respected us. Cigarettes and parcels started to arrive in a big way, and we now were the envy of the whole camp. All the rings, watches and articles of value that we had traded to the English boys, for a little food when we were starving, now started to come back, but not for such niggardly prices as we had received for them.

One must remember that all the jobs in camp, good jobs and were it was sometimes possible to obtain a little extra food were all filled by Englishmen without exception. We have every reason to be proud of the people back home in Canada- there was no country that did as much for their prisoners of war as Canada. Shortly after our softball equipment arrived, and we had started to play, the whole camp became enthused with the game- Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, Greeks and many other nationalities. Even the "repat" compound had teams- these men were all for repatriation, with limbs missing, blind, etc. There were some very bad cases among them. I often used to meet one old Indian chap dragging an old sock and a bunch of tin cans tied to a string- he thought he was taking his dog for a walk. I think it was the most unique game of softball ever played in this compound. Left legs off versus right legs off, and only a few had wooden legs. The catchers on both sides played standing on one leg right through.

When I met JACKSON again, I found that he had lost his thumb and was not in good health. He had not been with the Canadians for a long time. Canadians were not allowed to go out on working parties, but so many of our boys had changed over with other nationalities that the Germans couldn't find out who was who, and what it was all about. They knew it was going on, but couldn't do much about stopping it. Parcels and letters were quite a problem for these changeovers.

When visiting staff officers came to look over the camp, we were always locked in the compound and forced to wear chains. It seemed a favorite pastime of many of them to stand and gape at the Dieppe Canadians.

For over a year now I had not seen a child or woman, Prisoner of war life is hard in many ways apart from being in captivity. There is never sufficient food: water for washing clothes is always short; one has to queue up for the toilet, in fact it doesn't matter what you wish to do, there is always too many men.

Quite a few of the boys failed to interest themselves with something to keep their minds occupied, and sat around and thought too much, with the result that quite a number became mental cases. This life creates an abstract mental condition that is hard to explain, and the only way to beat it is just to keep on doing something- anything at all.

In my own case, I made up my mind to shave each morning, and clean up as if going to work- many thought it foolish, but before long, others were doing it. I also made myself learn to read and speak German fairly well. None of these things are easy, particularly when it's bitter cold.

In August, I had my first walk outside the camp- it was a wonderful event to get away from the barbed wire for a few hours. Fifty of us went and we were each searched a number of times before leaving and we had quite a job borrowing decent clothes and shoes..We were taken through a couple of small villages and

something that impressed us all was the miserable look on the faces of the civilians. The only people that could smile or crack a joke was the prisoners. The first little German boy that I saw stuck out his tongue at me.

The method of farming in this district went back several hundred years, quite often we saw a couple of oxen pulling the plough, sometimes one horse and one ox hitched together, and nearly always driven by very old women.

This same month news also reached us that Sicily had been invaded by Canadians, and a few weeks later some that had been captured there were able to give us first hand information. In October rumors of repatriation had started- the camp was now in terrible shape as Italy had capitulated to England, and what English prisoners the Germans could lay thier hands on there were moved into camps in Germany.

Our camp was crouded with fourteen thousand men, and we now had twenty thousand. Many had not even a blanket to sleep under. We were able to help out in quite a big way with our cigarettes, etc. Most of the men that came to our compound were South Africans- all good lads. The chaining up now became hopeless, as we were so mixed up.

Shortly after this, the repatriation took place. It was grand to see them go, and a few Canadians were lucky. We should miss a lot of the boys, especially the one legged man, for many of them it had been four years, and they had shown a great spirit through it all. After the repats had gone, the Germans officially announced that the chaining up had finished. It had lasted about (?) months. We were split up then, and a number of us moved into other compounds. A few managed to get work in the camp-FERRIS had a job in the kitchen. I was the only Canadian in my new hut, most of the boys were Australians and New Zealanders. Summer was almost over, and I dreaded the thoughts of another winter in prison camp. I found it quite easy to settle among these Colonial boys, and soon made some real pals, but we had company with us that were not appreciated - in the form of bed bugs- millions of them in all the beds and cracks of boards. It was impossible to get rid of them. In the first place we had nothing to destroy them. They took a great liking to me from the start- sleep at night was hopeless, I did partly combat them by putting rubber bands around my pajamas at the ankles and wrists, pulling a large pair of socks on my feet, and a big safety pin at my neck. The bite of a bug is something like a delayed action bomb- they have gone when you feel the bite.

One very cold night we were called up in a hurry and marched down to the nearest station- on arrival we found a train load of our own boys from Italy- badly wounded- shivering with cold and hunger. It was a great feeling to be able to do something for someone again- a cigarette, a drink, perhaps a few words. Among them were some that were hard to look at even- there is other sides to war than flag waving and cheering. We carried them back to hospital and comparative comfort.

A few days later I helped to bring up from the station a young American pilot shot down in flames over Berlin. He had suffered bad burns, and his face was not recognizable as such. He kept repeating to me he had no wish to live. I learned later that he did, but had been removed to a mental hospital.

I was happy to be able to do this work, one had a feeling of usefulness once again.

As Christmas was close, we started to organize for concerts etc. I had previously tried to get into some kind of band, but the old story of too many English boys ahead of me. However, at the last moment before Christmas, one of the sax players was taken ill and since the repats, there had been a shortage. I was asked to help out by playing for a Christmas pantomime. This ran for twenty one nights. It was quite a brak, as we put on the show in each compound, once at the camp theatre, where the German commandant attended; four times for the hospital, which was more than a mile from the camp; On Christmas night we played a special show for the blind boys. It was a grand night, and they, I think, appreciated it. We even had a dance after, one one blind boy danced with a boy with eyesight.

New Years night we put on a do for the boys that had helped produce the show, and when I went to go back to my compound, all the gates were locked and the dogs were loose, so I had to sleep on a couple of planks until morning, and then I had quite a time to get into my compound before roll call in the morning.

Once again, the cold was hard to take. I still made myself shave each morning, walk, learn a little German- anything to keep going- it wasn't a bit easy. But I was very lucky for one thing- FERRIS, who was working in the main kitchen did all my washing for me, and often bought me a little extra food. I was able to repay him in other little ways.

Soon after Christmas, we were told that instruments had arrived for the Canadians. We ran around and soon had formed an all Canadian band- we were all excited as we unpacked the cases, but it was short lived. When I saw my saxophone it was an old C melody made in the year ought, and absolutely useless to form a band with. All the other instruments were much the same.

I had become very friendly with a young Canadian pilot from Tisdale. He had bailed out from his plane in Holland while it was on fire, all the crew made a safe landing with the exception of the navigator, also from Tisdale. Later we recieved word that the navigator was safely back in Canada.

Cigarettes now were arriving quite well, but letters were not. It was always the same story- for the slightest infringement of orders, mail was held back- letters have a big effect on P.O.W.'s- one would feel in the blues and then a letter would arrive and one would hit the sky for awhile again. Still again there were other letters that might better never have been sent. Quite a few of the English boys recieved letters that thier wives had recently had babies- after the men themselves had sometimes been away for two or three years; others heard of the whole or part of thier families being killed by bombs.

The Germans allowed each country what was known as a confidence man, and he conducted all business for the prisoners. In February rumors started that all prisoners were being moved- we heard so many stories about the new camp that we were going to. The chief one being that we were being moved to a wonderful camp for preferential treatment on account of being chained up and also that the German prisoners had recieved good treatment in Canada.

Our boys, the "Canadians", had by this time become so mixed up with other nationalities, changing identities, etc., that an appeal was made by the German authorities for them to return from the working parties and assume thier own name and no punishment would be handed out. This did bring in a few, but only a small number. We were split up into two halves, the

privates being the first to go. I was among the second batch, before leaving we were given an inspection by the Germans- checking a photo against us and a few random questions asked- a number of the "switch overs" were caught on this check, after some were so obvious, dark and long nosed. A search took place after, I was lucky with this (blsnk space) and then we were marched to the station. Here on the siding were ten of those old box cars. and four hundred of us- this didn't cheer us. The trip lasted three days and nights, and it was mid February. The cold was hell, if you can imagine a ride in an unheated box car in western Canada in mid winter, you have the picture- the winter is much the same for temperature. This time there was no provision for toilet, but once a day we were unloaded for such, usually in a station, and here we lined up along the track to complete the business- this seemed to cause no-one embarrassment except ourselves.

Our first sight of the new camp soon disillusioned us of the "preferential treatment" rumor- at the gate we were searched. My log book was taken from me, and as is quite obvious, suffered drastically. I met a German guard here that had farmed in Saskatchewan for several years- in fact still owns the farm as far as he is aware. We were all put into one compound and not allowed outside; this was a very small compound- the only place for exercise was a small plot 50 yds by 20 yds wide for several hundred men. After a few days, a funny situation arose. I have already mentioned that the privates had arrived before us, and the Germans had appointed one of them as leader, and after the arrival of the N.C.O's, a vote was taken by all and a R.S.M. W.O.1 was elected. But the German authorities refused to recognize him as such, and also refused to let the private resign. It was unfair and very unpopular by the N.C.O's and men, each time the R.S.M. tried to make contact with the Germans, he was escorted back by an armed guard. It was very amusing to watch him- a very small man, but standing up and talking right back to the German big shots who tried to ignore him. This state of affairs was later rectified by a Geneva representative, but this particular R.S.M. was never recognized by the German authorities for the job, and a few weeks later, with other N.C.O's, he was moved to another camp. I soon learned the reason for this move- it was a work camp, and all privates were being sent out to work on farms. I was exempt from working, being recognized by the Germans as a stretcher bearer; also, N.C.O's of rank of Corporal and above could not be forced to work.

Food at this camp was bad potatoes. Our main diet only once a week. The other six days, a watery stew.

I found out that I could go out on a working party as a medical man, not to work- only as far as I could help the men, each working party of forty or fifty men was allowed one medical man. Most of the parties were made up and I wanted to take FERRIS with me. It took me several days of scheming before I was able to find the right party. We were warned that both of us had to be ready by twelve noon to catch the train. About five minutes after leaving the camp, the air raid warning went and back they made us go. Finally, when we reached the station, the train had gone. For the first time now, any German that I had learned came in extremely handy. We were told that we could leave our kit at the station, go back to camp for the night, and return in the morning. FERRIS and I had a good many cigarettes between us, and I was loath to leave these behind. We compromised finally by leaving our kit with the French prisoners instead of public baggage room in the station.

On our return in the morning we were joined by a few more prisoners travelling part of the way. Two Russians, a Greek, two Yugoslav bandits, and one Italian. We were able to converse a little in German. For the first two hours of the trip we travelled in a public coach with the German civilians. My German was good enough to pick up that to one old lady, our presence was obnoxious, but what really pleased me was a woman with a very young baby who said to the old lady that her eldest son was a prisoner in Canada.

The next part of the journey was in a box car. The other prisoners had left us, and FERRIS and I had the car to ourselves, wired and locked. The inside of a fridge would have been warmer I think. We were both sick when we reached the party that night- it was in part of an old barn. Horses and feed on one side, infested by rats and fleas. The first night there we caught nineteen in a tub of water with some grain thrown in. FERRIS woke up with two playing on his chest. The forty beds were all joined together in one long line, about eighteen inches to a man, and when one coughed or turned, it went down the whole line. One night was enough for me- the next on the table. I found a bad state of affairs all around- out of forty men, days as many as twenty men were staying in sick or supposedly. Mine was a hard and unthankful job. Now that the Germans had allowed a medical man on the party, the onus was on him as to who should and couldn't work. I was go between, first of all I found out that it was the same chaps more or less staying in all the time, and a gang that were working steady. It was the old army story of B/// you Jack, I'm alright.

About the second night, I called the chaps together and told them what I proposed doing, and if it was agreeable. As it was still winter, and work was not so pressing, we could still get away with a fair number of sick. I proposed that other than those that were really sick, I should keep a list and all would have time off, instead of just a certain gang. This was favorable to most, although I knew it would not work when things became busy. One of the big troubles I had was festering sores that would not heal for months, also impatago was troublesome.

We were receiving our Red Cross each week- without it the boys could not have worked, although we had enough potatoes and one fair soup a day. This farm on which they were working could not be classed as a state, as it was owned by a baroness seventy five years old. The whole village and some thousands of acres belonged to her. I most certainly thought this type of place had gone years ago. The estate was operated by a civilian called the "Inspector"- dreaded by the civilians and our boys alike. The only man that could showt like him was my old R.S.M.

The baroness lived in a large castle about a hundred yards from the billets. It was part of my duty to go there each day at noon for the soup. At first I was always escorted by a German guard but later I was allowed to go alone. This was the only outing I had for some time each day.

A French Canadian private was in charge of the party. He or I did not have to work for the Germans- we were also allowed to keep one man in as cook for the potatoes etc. I soon realized that my job was going to be no easy one. If a man had a temper nturq, I had no trouble from keeping him from work, but otherwise, I had to do a lot of talking. I soon realized that to win an argument, I must do plenty of showtng, and with only a limited

number of words to my vocabulary, my hands and arms were overworked. There were three guards and a corporal guarding us, and we soon learned their peculiarities.

My first kick was the condition of the billets-rats, fleas, and sleeping accomodation. After insistant grumbling, they sent a man to poison the rats and fumigate the fleas. This helped a lot- finally I was able to get beds made to accomodate four men-two up and two down, but all this did not come the easy way.

When any man was so sick to need a doctor, I had to take him on the train to a town several stops away, or if unable to work, then I took him back to the camp. But was always told that transportation was not available. This made the boys very dissatisfied, and a meeting was held at night, and it was decided that the next day, no one should go to work- in plain words, a strike.

The next morning when the guards came to get the men for work, they all to a man refused. He asked me the trouble and I told him. He replied that this was very serious, and that a charge of "sabotage" would be placed against us. Actually, we expected to be forced out at the point of a bayonet, but the guard immediately locked all doors- we could not even get to the toilet. A few potatoes were inside- these they removed or rather thought they did, but we managed to hide some.

All the morning we were left alone, all we had to eat were these few potatoes which we cooked at noon and divided out- two small ones each. I felt the responsibility quite heavy, as the other chap in charge was back at the camp for a few days. Late in the afternoon, a car drew up, and several German officers stepped out. I and a couple of other chaps went out to what we called the kitchen. I knew they would come in that way. The moment they did, they barked at us to come to attention, and one stood and roared for at least ten minutes in German. A man is at a great disadvantage when he has to stand at attention and try and figure out what is being said, however, the final outcome was they asked for the names of five men. These five would go up and take a charge of sabotage for the whole party. It was easy to get names. With that, they warned us that we should be tried the next day and went away. That evening our Red Cross food arrived in a truck.

My scheme for giving the men a rest was working quite well, but the men themselves spoilt it- about ten of them got wet through one afternoon, and next morning decided to get their own back on the Germans by going sick. It was against my wish- it was too many men, and I had now reached a point if I said a man was too sick to work, nothing more was said, and the man was not troubled. But that morning, the Inspector came in raving, and the first thing he did was to telephone an officer to come. When he arrived, he made me take the thermometer and stood beside me while I took each mans temperature. Each of the ten hit normal within half a point- the results were they were made to get up and work right away, and the outcome was they would no longer believe me, and a man after this had to be sick to stay in. It was a pity, it had to end this way, because now the men were working hard, and time off meant much to them. But I must in all fairness say that if a man was sick, I had no

trouble whatever in keeping him from work.

As time went on, we were granted a few small privileges, such as walking in the farm yard on Sundays, and I could get out to visit the boys once in a while. But it was short lived, as on Easter Sunday, two of the boys escaped.

The story has to remain untold for now- I can say that they were away for four and a half days before they were discovered. The corporal of the German guard during this time used to come in and talk to me-how lovely the weather was, etc. He also was overjoyed to receive a telegram from his wife that a son had been born to them. But I knew he was riding for a fall, and on the fifth day they were caught without being missed. Then the storm broke, and everything was tightened up. The Corporal was taken away to do his little term of time.

It was during this same time that we saw what was to me a sight I shall never forget. We heard planes flying quite low, and went out to look- here was a marvelous sight- hundreds and hundreds of American bombers so low that we could plainly see the markings and the number of engines. They seemed to come in from all directions. What that did for the boys, I couldn't explain. Shortly after we heard the bombs go, and then a huge pall of smoke grew in the air which lasted the remainder of the day. We were to see this many times afterwards, but it never failed to give one the same thrill. We used to talk about how the plane crews would be back in England tonight eating supper.

We also had sixteen Russians working on this farm with us- they were not in very good shape, received no Red Cross food, cigarettes, parcels or clothing. Last but by for the worst, they are not allowed to receive or write mail. Their people have no idea if they are dead or alive- the blame for this must not be placed on the Germans, as German prisoners in Russia receive the same treatment. I am told by the Russians themselves that their leaders would not join the International Red Cross.

I had noticed that for some time one of our boys had been eating and talking very strangely. I had had several chats with him to see if I could find out what was troubling him, but made little or no headway. On the Saturday I kept him in from work I was quite worried. During the morning he had told me that he was sorry for all the trouble he had caused me, etc. I myself thought that he sat around thinking a lot too much. In the afternoon, he kept repeating to me that the German civilians were coming to get him, and that if he had to die, would one of the German guards shoot him. He would not be satisfied until I had marched him to one of the German guards and explained to him that this man was a soldier. I had previously talked to the guard.

A few more little incidents such as hanging around the axe made me decide that I had better stay up with him at night. It was a long night, and he never slept at all, and every few moments(he)told me that his hour was here. I could plainly see that he was getting much worse. On Sunday morning, I refused to give him his clothes, as I figured I could look after him in bed much better. I forgot to say that on this party, each night at nine we had to give our pants and boots to the guard until morning.

My first job now was to see the Germans and have him removed to the Stalag. I was told that being Sunday, there would

be no transportation. That afternoon, one of the boys took him outside for a few moments. While offering him a cigarette, the package was dropped and as the chap bent to pick it up, the other picked up a big piece of iron pipe and brought it down on what he meant to be his head, but it landed on his shoulder.

I suggested tying him up, but the boys thought that a little too stiff. On roll call we had to go outside. I came in just in time to see some of the boys dragging him from the top of my bed- he had tried to hang himself and had made one jump, but the rope broke- and (he) was going to have another try. That night, three of us decided to stay up with him- he still had not slept, and the things he said to me wouldn't stand repeating. About two in the morning, the other two boys were laying down, not sleeping. I was sitting on my bed, pretending to read, when I heard him sit up. I looked and he was working himself towards the edge of the bed. The moment he saw me, He realized that he hadn't time or chance to do whatever was in his head. With that, he wheeled sharply around, took a leap at the wall, and rammed his head into the stone wall with terrible force. I was taking no more chances- after this I tied his arms and legs to the bed.

On Monday, I was told by the Germans that as it was a holiday, there would only be one coach on the train; and he was not allowed on a public coach.

It was telling on the rest of the boys, they were working hard- their sleep was disturbed- half of them were afraid to go to sleep, and when you have forty men in a space no larger than my house, its hard. On Monday night I moved him out to the kitchen- it was a hell of a night- sometimes he broke ropes as fast as we tied them. Where his strenght came from I don't know. For a solid hour he fought with four of us without a stop. In the morning, to get him ready for the train, it took six of us- and he was not big. I tied him securely, then roped him to the strtcher, and put a blanket over so that no one could see. It was a hard experience. I knew nothing about and could go to no one for advice. The doctor put him in a straight jacket immediatly, and he is now in a mental institution. It seems very hard, after all that he has been through. Only twenty-three years old, and to end up that way.

FERRIS had now quite a good job working in the castle gardens- on my birthday, he came in at night all smiles, and from under his coat he bought out a huge plant in bloom, and in a fancy pot- "For your birthday" he said.

What German rations we recieved first went to the castle and from there to us. We had reason to believe they were short and after a little complaining, the Baroness sent for me. It was a grand place inside- I was conducted into her private sitting room. She made me feel quite comfortable and seemed to be a fine old lady. Conversation was difficult. I think when she was younger she had been able to speak both French and English quite well, but during our conversation, she would say about four words in English, and then mix up French with German. She told me that she had a nephew a prisoner in America " a na captain". About the rations, I found out there were things happening of which she knew nothing of or pretended to- she herself took me down to the kitchen that I might see how the soups were made and how clean everything was. I confess, I felt an awful fool among these girls working there- butting in

with my few German words now and then. I took a lot of kidding from the boys over this trip, however, the main thing was that things improved.

The seventh of June, and word reached us via the "grapevine" that the second front opened last night. I leave it to you to imagine what it meant to us. Everything tightened up immediately.

Two weeks later, three of our boys escaped, and the axe fell again. The guards in charge are changed very frequently, and oddly enough, the German that (was) in charge of the guard at the time the first two escaped is back with us now, but not in charge. I am almost up to the day with my little yarn. Many things I would like to say regarding conditions "etc"; but its forbidden. I can truthfully say particularly of the people in Canada, that we have every right to be proud of our Country and the conditions we live under. The meaning of what "total war" means to some people is not understood over there.

This has been an experience that no money could buy- as far as conditions go, I have been to the bottom of hell. I have had wonderful times at home, but now I olk forward to even better ones to come.

We are very hungry for news. Mail is not good- particularly from parts. To-day, one of our boys was caught with a dead chicken- thats too bad. I shall continue this more as a diary. JUNE 25- Many A planes over from which I obtained a souverir- news is quite good, and the signs of things getting tough are good to us. Mail arrived- that did me a lot of good.

JULY 1st-Mail from home- Mother and Sis fixed up a German girls arm that was badly burned. My letters from Canada to-day carried the advice stamped on the envelope to "Eat right", also "To Fight Veneral Disease".

JULY 25 - My picture of Sis arrived, also letter from wife telling me she may go to England- very wonderful. I can't sleep at night for fleas and the day time for flies. AIKENS was beat on the back- I fixed him up. FERRIS is well again, and bringing home the bacon. We are not allowed to have more than twenty cigarettes on us now- rest must be locked up. The reason they give? Unfair to the German public- likely to cause bartering, or seduce German girls. Rumors of the attempted asasination. All news seems good, but would like something concrete. Used all my tooth poudor. Graet fum with the new guard- he is very nervous- our reputation has gone ahead. Several pieces of machinery broke down.

ART SMYTH'S and BEIRNE's letters of great interest. No mail from Sis for six weeks.

SEPT 1; Many things have happened this last few weeks. Although the flies are the flies are the same. My popularity has increased in leaps and bounds. Since I am the only one that reads a little German, and the war is moving fast in France, all scraps of newspaper are brought in to me from which I try to issue a daily bulletin.

We know at this date that Paris has fallen, and our troops are almost at the German and French border. Romania has quit and others. A few things we know that to write here would be a little premature. Yesterday, we had a search here and under my blankets they found several maps and pieces of German newspaper. I was told I should hear the results of this soon.

There have been many heavy night raids by the R.A.F., but

last night was the worst. This morning when we got up we learned that some planes had been shot down, and a number of the crews had bailed out and some had been seen close to here. Our guards had been up all night looking for them. At nine in the morning they managed to catch one only 200 yds. from our billets- a young officer. He was taken by the guard to the castle where I go for soup each day at noon for the rest of the boys. I wondered if I would get a chance to see him as the German guardroom was in a room in the castle almost opposite where I went for soup. I knew I should not be able to speak to him, as they are tough over a thing like that. When I went over to the castle I saw two guards mounted outside the door of the guardroom, so I knew he was in there. I started to whistle all the most appropriate tunes I could think of- "it wasn't many", and as I stood waiting for the girl to give me the soup, one of the guards opened the door of his room to go inside. It was open just long enough for him to give me the sign that he had caught on. I felt quite good about that. He was sent away later in the day-.
SEPT 6; Our cat gave birth to five kittens on one of the boys beds yesterday- mother and family all fine. I fixed up a German civilian that had almost been scalped. We are all suffering from a bad case of the back door trots.

Many things have happened since my last entry. I have been sent back to the prison and punished for helping some of the boys to escape. It is January 1945. Last night a train load of captured Americans arrived. Fifteen of them were frozen to death. So many of them are sick that one English doctor that is trying to look after them has just been in to tell us that many more are going to die. Typhus has started among the Russian prisoners-they bury them early in the morning so that we cannot see how many die.

Boy !! What else can happen to us. A few days ago we heard the Russian guns in the East getting close to us, and we thought that they would release our camp, and we would soon be home again.

PLEASE GET BUSY ON THE TICKETS YOU RECIEVED AND SELL!SELL!

Our old printing machine went on the blink and we were informed that we will have to buy a different one.

DON'T FORGET TO ATTEND THE SASKATOON BLACK POWDER SHOOT
SUNDAY SEPT. 17/67. BRING OUT YOUR OLD OLD RELICS.

ALSO A REMINDER TO ATTEND THE SWIFT CURRENT GUN SHOW
NOVEMBER 5th /67. BULLETINS HAVE GONE OUT IN THE MAIL.

WANTS AND TRADES _

WANTED: Post for Browning 50 Cal. machine gun .

MILES MITCHELL - 536-6086
2336 Thornton Ave. Regina, Sask;

WANTED: World War 1 Canadian cap badges ; Canadian 9 mm Browning
cut for shoulder stock; 2" mortar

ROY HANLON - 146 7th St. N.W.
Medicine Hat, Alberta ;

WANTED: Winchester parts for Model 73 & 76 ; also machine gun
parts for Maxim; Need military rifles;

MIKE WYTOSKY -907 1st. St. E.
Prince Albert, Sask;

WANTED: Bayonets and large bore carbines;

J.L. TALLENTIRE- 3318 Dawson Cres.
Regina, Sask;

WILL TRADE GUNS FOR MEDALS:

R.R.GAUDRY 4408- 2nd. Ave. N.
Regina, Sask;

FOR SALE: One field cannon complete.....Good working order.

Sell for \$ 100.00. (come to the park after mid-
night and bring your flashlight, tow truck and chain.
(WHAT A BARGAIN).....

Phone LA 1- ioio

;;;

Hey, fellows.. Dont forget, JACK STEAD, 2209 Dufferin Road, is
still repairing and rebuilding muzzle loading arms.....

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THE PERFECT MAN

There is a man who never drinks, nor smokes, nor chews,
nor swears; who never gambles, never flirts and shuns all
sinful snares.....; He's PARALYZED

There is a man who never does anything that is not right;
his wife can tell just where he is ,at morning noon or
night.....; He's DEAD

.....

